man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i'st, Crowners queſt law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should haue bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou saist, and the more pitty that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no ancient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold vp *Adams* profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes.

I'le put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. The gallowes-maker, for that out-liues a thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes dooes well, but how dooes it well? It dooes wel to those that do ill, now thou dooſt ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Oth. VVho builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dul asse wil not mend his pace with beating, & when your are askt this questiō next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes lasts tel Doomsday. Goe get thee in and fetch me a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*
Me thought it was very sweet
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter

10 countenannce 12 auncient 33 you are
34 till

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his busines? a sings in gr
making.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a property of easines.

Ha. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dai

Clow. But age with his stealing steps *Song.* (se
hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how
knaue iowles it to the ground, as if t'were *Cains* iaw-bone,
did the first murder: this might be the pate of a pollititian, w
this Asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent G
might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow
Lord: how dost thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord
a one, that praised my Lord such a ones horse, when a mean
beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ha. Why een so, and now my Lady worms Chopples, and kn
about the mazer with a Sextens spade; heer's fine reuolution
we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the b
ding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke o

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*
for and a shrowding sheet,
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Ha. There's another, why may not that be the skul of a Law
where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenu
and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to kn
him about the sconce with a dirty shouell, and will not tell hi
his actions of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a g
buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recognisances, his fines
double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of
durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases
doubles, then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentu
The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this
and must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha,

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

16 morrow sweete Lord 18 went
~~19 Hora. It might, my Lord~~ 22 masrene
30 quillites ---- tenurs 32 durtie 33 ac